

The Brides Buriall. To the tune of the Ladies fall.



Come mourn, come mourn with me
you loyall lovers all,
Lament my losse in weeds of woe,
Whom griping griefe doth thrall,
Like to the dropping vine,
cut do wne by gardeners knife,
Even so my heart with sorrowe staine,
doth bleed for my sweet wife.

By Death (that grisly Ghost)
my turtle Dove is slaine:
And I am lost unhappy man,
to spend my daies in paine:
Her beauty late so bright,
like Roses in their prime,
Is wasted like the mountaines snow,
by force of Phoebus shine.

Her faire red coloured lips,
now pale and wan, her eyes
That late did shine like chrystall stars,
alas her light it dies:
Her pretty lilly hands,
with fingers long and small,
In colour like earthly clay,
yea cold and stiffe withall.

When as the morning gray,
her golden gate had spred,
And that the glistering sunne arose,
forth from faire Thirs bed:
Then did my loue awake,
most like a lilly flower,
And as the lovely Quene of heauen,
so shyn'd she in her bowler.

Attired she was then,
like Rose in her pride,
As faire as braue Dianes Pimphs,
so lookt my lovely Bride,
And as faire Heilens face,
gaue Grecian Daines the lurch,
So did my deare exceed in light,
all Virgins in the Church.

When we had knit the knot,
of holy wedlocke hand:
Like Alabaster tope to sett,
so stood we hand in hand:
Then loe a chilling cold,
crush'd every vitall part;
And griping griefe like pang's of death,
seaz'd on my true Loves heart.

Downe in a sound she fell,
as cold as any stone:
Like Venus picture lacking life,
so was my Love brought home.
At length arose a red,
throughout her comely face,
As Phoebus beames with watry clouds
oze covered her face.

Then with a grievous groane,
and voyce most hoarse and dry,
Farewell quoth she my loving friends,
for this day must die.
The messenger of God,
with golden Trumps I see:
With many other Angels more,
doth sound and call for me.

In stead of musick sweet,
goe tole my passing bell:
And with these flowers strow my grave
that in my chamber smell:
Strip off my Brides array,
my Corke-shoes from my feet,
And gentle mother be not coy,
to bring my winding sheet.

My Wedding dinner dress,
bestow upon the poore:
And on the hungry needy maids,
that craveth at the doore.
In stead of Virgins young,
my Bride-bed for to see,
Goe cause some cunning Carpenter
to make a chest for mee.

My Brides laces of silke,
bestow'd on maidsens make,
Pay lilly for be when I am dead,
to tie my hands and feete:
And thou my Lober true,
my husband and my friend,
Let me intreate thee here to stay,
untill my life doth end.

Now leave to talke of love,
and humbly on your knee:
Direct your prayer unto God,
but mourne no more for me.
In love as we have li'd,
in love let us depart:
And I in token of my love,
doe kisse thee with my heart.

O kench thy bottlesse teares,
thy weeping is in vaine:
I am not lost, for we in heaben,
shall one day meet againe.
With that she turn'd her head,
as one dispos'd to sleepe,
And like a Lambe departed life:
while friends full soze did weepe.

Her true Love seeing this,
did fetch a grievous groane,
As though his heart did burst in two,
and thus he made his moane:
O small heavy day,
a day of griefe and care,
That hath bereft the sun so high,
whose beames refresh the ayre.

Now woe unto the world,
and all that therein dwell,
O that I were with her in heaben,
for here I live in hell:
And now this Lober li'des,
a discontented life:
Whole Bride was brought unto the
a garden and a will. (gra

A garland fresh and faire,
of Lillies there was made,
In signe of her Virginitie,
and on her Coffin laid:
Sire maidens all in white,
did beare her to the ground,
The Bells did ring in solemne soze,
and made a solemne sound.

In earth they laid her then,
for hungry worms a prey:
So shall the fairest face asbe,
at length be brought to clay.

FINIS:

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